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LIFE



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HEREDITY.

"WHERE DO THE STUBSON CHILDREN GET THEIR SPLENDID PHYSIQUES?"
 "WELL, A GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER ON THE MOTHER'S SIDE WAS CALLED VERY HANDSOME."

WHITHER AWAY?

WHITHER away, Robin, whither away,
 Hasting so fleet at the dawn of the day?
 Scarce is the sun up, and yet do you go
 Merrily, verily, over the snow!
 Why thus abroad at the morn-break, I pray?
 Whither away, Robin, whither away?
 Never the toss of a word in reply,
 Only a flash from a beaming brown eye,
 Only a gleam and a slip of a smile

As he swings buoyantly onward the while.
 Ha! my young gallant, 'tis Valentine's Day!
 Whither away, Robin, whither away?
 Gloria lives at the bend in the street;
 Gloria's pretty and Gloria's sweet!
 Sooth! it were sad if the maiden should see
 First on this morning another than thee!
 So, though you're dumb, sir, I venture to say:
 'Tis thither away, Robin, thither away!

Clinton Scollard. THE SHADOW OF THE LAW.

HIS DREADFUL REVENGE.

TRIVVET: Did you hear of the dreadful revenge Frothingham took on Miss Dimling when she refused his proposal?

DICER: What was it?

"He proposed to her mother, as Mrs. Dimling was a widow, and now he won't let a man come to the house to see his step-daughter."

ONE of the sensations that is denied to the rich is the indescribable thrill the poor man feels when he buys something he can't afford.

ALLEY KID: Say, miss, would you please help a fellow buy a valentine for his best gurl? I've got most enough to get it with.

"How much do the valentines cost, little boy?"

"One cent."

MAGISTRATE WENTWORTH, of Harlem, who thinks that half the boys in New York are dishonest, takes an optimistic view. Any catechism will tell him that all boys that get far enough along to be born are bad, and that comparatively few of them ever experience regeneration.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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BROTHER RUSSELL SAGE'S warm commendation of Doctor Rainsford's protest against ostentatious expenditure is, on the whole, the most significant as well as amusing comment that Doctor Rainsford's opinions have called out. The discussion of the economic usefulness of large expenditures for luxuries has been timely and edifying, and though Doctor Rainsford's views have received no more than their fair share of support, the community is under obligations to him for bringing before it a subject that was worth thinking over. Several results have followed the discussion, the most conspicuous of them being that a ball which would have been pretty thoroughly talked about anyway, has gained a much greater publicity than would otherwise have befallen. It has been, however, a much healthier sort of publicity than the social achievements of New York's Four Hundred usually attain, since this particular ball has been even more talked about as an economic function than as a gathering of fashionables or an occasion for display.



THE respected Health Board of New York, in its zeal for its protection, has declared that pulmonary tuberculosis, better known as consumption, is a communicable disease and dangerous to the public health, and that all cases of it which come to the knowledge of physicians shall be reported to the sanitary bureau of the Board. Of course the reports are not ordered for nothing. The Board is credited with the purpose of supervising the treatment and movements of the consumptives on its lists, and of putting them under whatever restrictions may seem expedient. It is accused of a desire to build a huge hospital and keep them all in it, but if that wish exists

its realization is not imminent, and perhaps even the listing plan may fall through, for it would not only raise a vast amount of popular opposition, but very many of the doctors are opposed to it because they think it unjust, because it creates for them a distasteful duty, and because they are by no means agreed as to the precise degree in which tuberculosis is communicable.

The truth is, as the Board ought to realize, that we are all used to dying of consumption, and don't mind it excessively; but being ordered about, and constrained to do this and that, and live under such and such restrictions merely because we happen to have a few tubercles about us, is a thing we are not used to, and which, of course, we won't endure without violent protest.

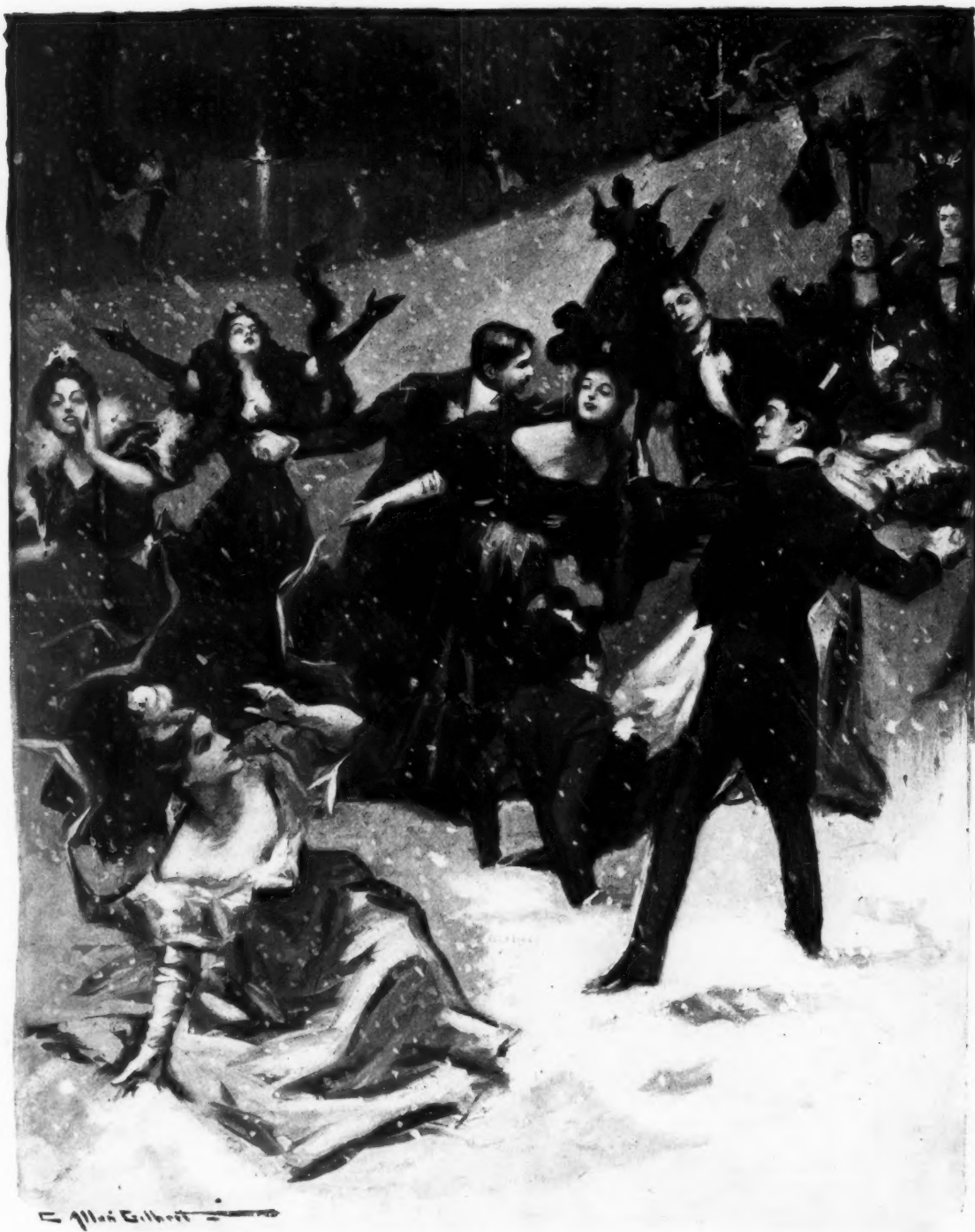


DOCTOR LYMAN ABBOTT'S fellow preachers of the Congregational denomination have been much exercised over opinions, in part expressed by him, in part erroneously attributed to him, as to the historical verity of the Bible story about Jonah. Doctor Abbott thinks that the record of Jonah's adventures is valuable and highly interesting, but he doubts if it is sober, sure-enough history, and thinks every reader is entitled to form his own conclusions as to that without prejudice to his religious standing.

It seems to LIFE that in a world where good behavior is difficult, duty perplexing, and truth prone to go abroad in disguise, there is ample room for two opinions about the story of Jonah, and that even if an otherwise exemplary person should change his opinion of that story as often as twice a week, it ought not to be imputed to him as anything more serious than an indiscretion.



THE chairman of a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, held in Boston, was directed to send a telegram to Major McKinley, urging the appointment of the Honorable John D. Long as member of his Cabinet "in the interest of the extension of total abstinence throughout the nation." It was hard on Governor Long, but he is an able man, and the chances seem to be that he will get into the Cabinet in spite of it. Which portfolio he is to handle in the interest of total abstinence is still uncertain, but no department seems any better adapted to serve as a field for his gifts in promoting abstention than the Navy.



A FANCY; OR, WINTER AS IT ISN'T.

BOOKISHNESS

A PREJUDICE OR TWO OF MR. ZANGWILL'S.

WHEN I. Zangwill caught together a lot of his periodical table-talk of the past few years, and called the book "Without Prejudice" (Century Company), he had no further motive than to make an accessible, permanent scrap-book for those who liked to read his glittering divagations. Hence the kind of criticism that jumps on it because it does not "hold together," is forestalled. It was never meant to hold together, except by the pervasive force of the personality of Mr. Zangwill which is clearly evident on every page.

The thing for a pugnacious critic to assail is Mr. Zangwill's literary personality as revealed in the book, and not the unclassified opinions on every conceivable topic of passing interest. It is easy enough to get at his vulnerable points, for he takes no pains to conceal them. He is always consciously "smart" in the Yankee sense of the term; he would rather make an epigram than state a truth, and if the epigram is also a paradox, he is correspondingly pleased with himself.

He has learned the trick, as other clever men have done, and the careless reader can get a lot of amusement watching him perform. When he says "Art was the child of Religion, but it has long since abandoned its mother," he simply means that great painters at the present time have found other subjects than those suggested by church decoration. There is nothing very new or startling about that assertion, but it catches the fancy as though it were great wisdom in a nutshell.



A MAIDEN, HAVING FALLEN IN LOVE WITH A SNOW MAN, FINDING THAT TENDER WORDS FAILED TO WARM HIS FROZEN HEART, BEGS AN OLD FRIEND, THE SUN, TO ASSIST HER.



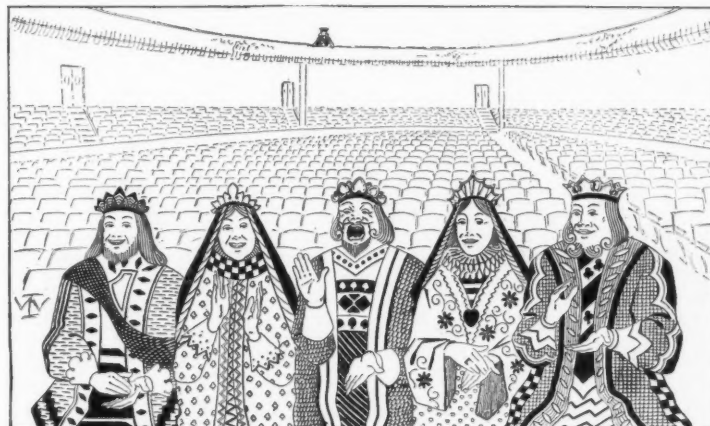
THE NEW PUPIL.

MR. ZANGWILL'S opinions of literature are usually clear-headed, hopeful, and not over-serious. He has a proper appreciation of the acknowledged masters, but no sort of reverence for the pose of literature. He thinks a great deal of individuality in letters, and very little of general and versatile culture: "To be cultured, is to lose that vivid sense of the reality of the life around you, to see it intellectually rather than to feel it intuitively." The strong man knows what he means by this, but the weak man (and he is the majority) will be apt to use it as a salve for his ignorance. This is the sort of thing that occasionally comes out of the West crying against the inanities of the effete East.

It is hard to believe that a really strong writer can be spoiled by any amount of culture; and conversely, some weak ones are saved thereby from making fools of themselves.

What Zangwill and other clever men of his time are kicking against is the tyranny of accumulated information. "George Eliot," he says, "failed as soon as she began to substitute intellectual concepts for the vivid impressions of early memories." When she "fell back on intuition and her library she produced 'Daniel Deronda.'" Nevertheless, there is more to be said for the permanent value of "Daniel Deronda" than for the heaps of novels by women writers of to-day, whose whole equipment seems to be their observation of the disagreeable facts of life. A little culture would not come amiss to some of your writing-countrywomen, Mr. Zangwill!

Droch.



"A FULL HOUSE."

LOOKING BACKWARD.

POLLY had insisted all along that it was an inspiration—"inspiration" was her word for it—but I knew from the beginning that it was foolishness, the worst sort of foolishness, and would lead to no end of trouble, to say nothing of a probable illustrated supplement in one of the dreadful Sunday papers—if not all of them—with details *ad nauseam*.

And yet there was a certain humor about the whole thing that I fully realized as I read over the fantastically-printed card of invitation that was stuck in my dressing-mirror:

"Mr. and Mrs. Twiller Van Twiller request the pleasure of your company on St. Valentine's Eve.

"Bal Poudré.

"It is requested that all guests come in the costume of the earliest ancestor of whom they have any definite knowledge."

There was "richness" in this, no doubt, and I couldn't help chuckling to myself as Patterson helped me solve the intricacies of a major of dragoons' uniform in the Continental army, and strapped on the identical sword that had flashed so effectively in the hands of Major John Oliver at Long Island, Monmouth and Princeton. I could afford to frankly avow my ancestry, and so could Polly as a prim Puritan. How many others among the four hundred recipients of invitations would dare to be so ingenuous, though?

The more I thought of it, the more I thought that perhaps it was an inspiration on the part of Mrs. Van Twiller. (The mirror certainly showed me a rather fine-looking young rebel, if I do say it myself. And I could easily see that Patterson's critical eyes were satisfied.) And surely she had nothing to gain, if she dug faithfully down to the roots of *her* family tree. At any rate, "We are safe," I said, mentally, as I adjusted the plumed hat on my white periwig and threw the long military cloak over my regimentals.



MORAL: NEVER CALL IN A THIRD PERSON IN A LOVE AFFAIR.



POLLY AS A PRIM PURITAN.

Polly had gone ahead in the brougham — she was going to pick up someone—so I had the hansom around and was soon bowling down the avenue towards Grammercy Park, a picturesque and anomalous figure. I was made acutely conscious of this as we bounced across the car-tracks at Twenty-third street, scattering the crowd of belated theatre-goers, for a small urchin yelled after: "Hully Gee! dere goes Santa Claus on wheels." A moment later, however, we were in the comparative blackness of Twentieth street, and I had a chance to reincarnate my colonial self. The street for half a block from the house was a jam. But Thomas, with accustomed deftness, pried his way in at the upper end of the line of carriages, and discharged me into the arms of two powdered lackeys before anyone had a chance to protest; and with martial tread, and clanking sword and spurs, I made my way up to the dressing-room.

I unbuckled my cloak and threw it into the arms of what I thought was an attendant—but horrors! "What the devil are you doing? Do you take me for a clothes-horse, Oliver?" I scrutinized the powdered footman with fearful eyes. It was honest John Thomson. "I couldn't tell a lie, Jack," he said, pitifully, "and I wanted so to come. You know my great-grandfather was butler to Lord Kelter."

"My dear boy," said I, grasping his hand, "you're a trump. But for heaven's sake keep out of here, and don't go near the dining-room. You'll be hurting people's feelings dreadfully. Stick to the ladies, and carry it off boldly."

"Thanks, old man," he said, "that's a good idea," and he went off, with my admiration. How many of the others would have the courage of candor? To see was to be my evening's amusement.

I confess I held my head rather high

as I went down in search of my hostess, and I felt rather bellicose, too, as I bumped into Carey Robinson at the foot of the stairs, dressed in the red coat of a British officer of the line. His people were Tories, you know. We glared at one another, and I pushed on into the drawing-room, through a motley assemblage that really had a surprisingly eighteenth century atmosphere about it. The Hungarian band was struggling manfully with "Sally In Our Alley," behind a screen of palms, and not very far away, presiding over an enormous punch-bowl, was Mrs. Twiller Van Twiller. She had really had the courage, and stood there, a very charming little Dutch maid with flaxen braids, and a skirt just short enough to show two small, gray-stockinged ankles, that lost themselves in enormously-buckled shoes.

I almost chucked her under the chin

as I stood over her, but Polly is a perfect gorgon as far as eyes go, and besides, little Van Twiller was not so far off, and I resisted the inclination.

"What a jolly idea, Mrs. Van Twiller," I said. "How on earth did you think of it?"

"It is fun, isn't it?" she replied, laughing. "Sort of a resurrection, you know."

"It will give us a chance to look into some of our friends' closets, eh?" questioned I, falling into her mood, which was one of suppressed gaiety.

"Ugh!" she answered, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders. "I hope we'll have no skeletons here to-night."

"No," said I, "but we can hardly help hearing the rattle of the bones occasionally."

"What an unkind remark," she said, in a lowered voice. I looked around to see what she meant, and caught a glimpse of the Misses Allison's shoulder blades, literally cutting their way through the throng. Why will those girls insist on wearing décolleté gowns, particularly when they have so good an excuse for covering themselves?

"They have an idea that they are mixed up in some way with Mary, Queen of Scots," she went on, following my glance.

"How shocking!" answered I. "I suppose those pieces of black court-plaster represent the bars sinister. Don't you think?"

"Perhaps. Who can tell?" laughed Mrs. Van T., and she turned away to greet pompous old

Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway, who had very evidently been taking a course at the Herald's College during their summer's trip abroad, for they never would otherwise have had the temerity to appear in the guise of a Georgian Duke and his Duchess. The

absurdity of it sent me roaring into the smoking-room, remembering, between gasps, that the old gentleman's grandfather had been an imported gardener of Tim Appleton's great-uncle. My, what a mix-up it was! Van Twiller's whiskey, however, was of *undeniable* pedigree, and a glass or two of it, with half-a-dozen puffs at a church warden, set me up wonderfully, and I went off in search of my wandering Puritan maid.

The drawing-room was in great commotion over the beginning of a Virginia Reel.

And, shades! of Cotton Mather! There was Mistress Polly, getting ready to dance with no less a person than Curtis Randolph, whose particular pride is his descent from the Cavaliers! That broke down all my prejudices, and, looking around, I grasped little Tillie Robinson (she's Carey's sister) around the waist, and swung into line to the time of "The Lass of Richmond Hill." It was a jolly rout, with John Thomson leading the Duchess Hathaway, and little Van Twiller bringing up the rear with Fanny Ashe, whose great-great-something or other was a cousin of the Cid—"truly," as Fanny would add naively. And we all got away home and to bed before six o'clock, quite satisfied that we were none of us our own ancestors, at least Polly and I were.

Louis Evan Shipman.

WHEN we say that wisdom is better than rubies, we generally mean our own wisdom and other people's rubies.

THAT'S ALL.

"HE'S a poet, isn't he?" "Oh, no. He merely writes verses for a valentine publisher."

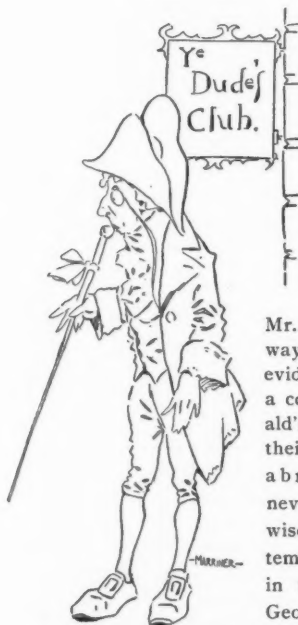
THE wise man would rather fall among thieves than fools.



CUPIIDS OF ALL NATIONS.—ITALY.

THAT clever periodical, "LIFE," is unconsciously funny in its ignorance of the fact that Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has, upon occasion, displayed a very keen and delightful sense of humor—notably in a certain book called "An Old Maid's Paradise." If LIFE's reviewer has never seen that attractive sketch of existence in New England he should become acquainted with it at once. Puelvir, by-the-way, is much truer to life than is that other handmaiden of fiction, Pomona.—*The Tribune*.

LIFE is always glad to be "funny," even unconsciously, and would rather be accused of "ignorance" than be compelled to read "An Old Maid's Paradise" as an exercise in humor. Wisdom is sometimes purchased at too great a price.



A THING OF THE PAST.



LIFE •



FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH.



BY LITERARY DRAMATISTS.

IF Mr. Marion Crawford were to produce successful plays as rapidly as he writes more or less successful novels, there would soon be no theatres left vacant for other dramatists. Judging from his first attempt at play-writing this embarrassing state of affairs is not likely to occur, and the present heroic little band of American dramatists need not fear that the bread is to be taken from their mouths.

"Dr. Claudius" has been one of the most widely read of Mr. Crawford's novels, but as a play it lacks the bone and sinew of dramatic interest and the life-giving blood of clever dialogue. No one can deny that it is genteel—fatally so, perhaps—but on the stage gentility doesn't count for one-half as much as it does in novels meant for fashionable reading. The feeling after witnessing Mr. Crawford's first effort is that of having taken a cup of cold Russian tea from the punch-bowl where one expected to find something stronger. The flavor of the tea may be very good, but still it's—tea.

Even the Hollands appear to small advantage. To Mr. Joseph Holland is assigned the title part, and it makes so slight a demand on his abilities that one is apt to be more taken up with his excellent make-up and good clothes than with anything he says or does. Mr. E. M. Holland does all that can be done for *Silas B. Barker, Jr.* as a stage character, but it is a part which admits of absolutely no broadening, if it is to be kept from caricature, and therefore Mr. Holland's well-known ability is absolutely thrown away. Mr. W. J. LeMoyné—whose absence from the Lyceum Company is very noticeable—played *Horace Bellingham* with a make-up which raised conjecture as to whether he intended to represent the late Sam Ward or the present Joseph Howard, Jr. The *Uncle Horace* of the book is supposed to personify "Uncle" Sam

Ward, who was Mr. Crawford's uncle, and the author may be held in some degree responsible for Mr. LeMoyné's drawing of the character—that of an amiable, courtly, and worldly-wise old gentleman. Mr. Dietrichstein, best known as the *Zozo* of "Trilby," made *Count Nicholas* a modified version of the same character.

In his books Mr. Crawford draws charming women, and the stage counterfeits must have sadly shattered his author's ideals. Miss Moretti, who impersonated *Countess Bareneff*, is a ladylike but colorless actress who realized not enough the personal loveliness attributed to that character. Miss Jane Burby brought little art and a most disagreeable voice to the part of *Lady Victoria*.

But actors can't act without parts, and Mr. Crawford has provided none in "Dr. Claudius." * * *

"THE first Gentleman of Europe," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Mr. Fleming, at the Lyceum, takes us back to the rattling days when George IV. was Prince of Wales, and set a pace which even his later namesake has found it impossible to follow. The piece pictures him both as libertine and prince, and the transition is not so abrupt as to be either inartistic or untrue to the portrait drawn by history. He is impersonated by Mr. James K. Hackett, who persists in mistaking stiffness for dignity, and guttural monotony for impressive elocution. Perhaps this is well, though, for there are evidences in his work that, with restraint thrown off, Mr. Hackett might become an actor of the scene-chewing school which, it is to be hoped, has vanished forever. He is a handsome *George*, and in the part looks and apparel count for much. Mr. Hackett possesses both ability and natural qualifications, but he should take serious counsel with himself before drifting into an obsolete school. Miss *Mannerling* as *Daphne*, the object of the Prince's unholy attentions, is temptation enough for more of an Anthony than *George* was, and her acting bears out the favorable impression recorded on her first appearance with the Lyceum Company.

The play is the most interesting done at the Lyceum this season. *Metcalf.*

MRS. HOJACK'S RESOLVE.

"CHARLEY, dear," said Mrs. Hojack to her husband, "if I were to die would you marry again?"

"What a question!" replied Mr. Hojack, evasively.

"I think you might tell me. But then I just know you would."

"Well, dear, the children

would miss their mother's tender care, and it might be a necessity, for their sakes, however much I might dislike the idea of a second marriage on my own account."

"But, Charley!"

"Well?"

"Suppose that the children were all married and settled in homes of their own."

"In that case, love, think how lonely I should be. I might almost be compelled, by force of circumstances, to take another wife."

"That's just what I suspected, Charles Hojack. You are just planning to marry again as soon as I am gone. So I have simply decided not to die first."

William Henry Siviter.

HER SECRET.

ST. VALENTINE calls you; come, haste at his bidding,

And don with gay heart all your bravest array;

Then around to the dwelling of her you love dearly,

To be the first gallant she looks on to-day.

For—so runs the legend—the first her eyes fall on

Shall be the most favored throughout the whole year;

Then away! lest the chance of good-fortune escape you,

For all will be lost, should another appear.

And yet (guard the secret!) I'm willing to wager,

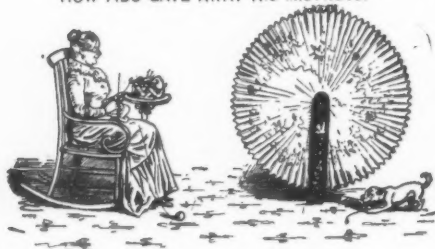
Should she but suspect that *your* luck will be tried,

She will close her bright eyes at approach of each footstep

Till the one she knows best comes and stops at her side!

Louisa Carroll Thomas.

HOW FIDO GAVE AWAY HIS MISTRESS.





ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



A BASE ALLOY.

WHEN Cupid's bow she aimed with,

The lender sighed to see
That she was filled, not
with pure love
But with Cupidity.

MISLEADING.

SNOOPER: This gloomy show which does not draw was advertised under two misapprehensions.

SWAYBACK: What were they?

"It was booked as an 'attraction' and then advertised as a 'comic opera.'"



KIP ASTÉ.

IN THE THIRD PERSON.



Heavyplay: WELL, THEY'VE ATTACHED OUR TRUNKS AT LAST.
She: GOODNESS! WHAT AM I TO DO? CAN'T I GET MY CLOTHES?
"NO. WE MUST WALK EAST AS WE ARE."

THE newsboys of Washington, against whom the ministers of that town have entered a crusade to prevent the selling of papers on Sunday, have drawn up the following petition:

We, the newsboys of the District of Columbia, being told that our cry is no longer to be heard in the land on the Sabbath, and desiring to aid all in our power the work of promoting the Christian religion and its commands, respectfully ask that to the new law about ourselves and our business, the Commissioners, the President, Congress, and all concerned in our government, cause the following laws to be passed and enforced:

FIRST—That no minister be allowed to kiss his wife on Sunday.

SECOND—That no minister be allowed to kiss any other woman on Sunday, or any other day.

THIRD—That no minister be allowed to have a hot breakfast on Sunday, or a hot dinner. His servants have to work for money when they cook on Sunday. It is against the sanctity of the day.

FOURTH—We ask that all the seats in the churches be made free by law.

FIFTH—That no minister be allowed to draw more than two thousand dollars salary a year. We believe that this sum is enough to support a large American family, with proper economy.

SIXTH—That each rich minister be obliged to sell all he has and give the money to the poor, according to the order of his Divine Master.

SEVENTH—That ministers who can find in Holy Writ one word, text or utterance in any way abridging the rights or happiness of children, be required to publish it.

EIGHTH—That each minister be required to earn his living at some trade or business, and to pay therefrom his legitimate expenses.

NINTH—That the Gospel be preached without money and without price, as the Saviour preached it. The Saviour was a carpenter, and drew no salary for his ministry.

The ministers have yet to be heard from in reply to this, but up to date it is LIFE's candid opinion that the boys have the best of the argument.

BOSTON TEACHER: Name the products of Kansas.

PUPIL (*who reads the papers*): Cyclones, cactus, bootleggers, hell, whiskers, and hair.



MYRTILLA smiles too sweet on wealthy
me.

And honeyed Chloris fills one with regret ;
Swift-scornful Phyllis buzzes like a bee,
And handsome Sappho is an arch coquette.

My fortune, heart, and big ancestral tree,
Shall not by these be carved and made to fall ;
But one apart my valentine shall be —
Dear Laura, asking nothing, takes it all.

O. T.

AT SCISSORS AT NULLS

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

Saucers and insincerity;
Clatter of tongues and spoons;
Gossip and spiced asperity,
Atmosphere—good for swoons.
Move, if the swift dexterity
Known to the clown be thine.
That's what you see
At a five o'clock tea
Served in a social shrine.

This is the game Society
(Spelt with a big, big S)
Plays to dispel satiety,
Weariness dispossession.
Tannical insobriety
Varies the dreary round,
Therefore you roam
To a crammed At Home,
Carefully groomed and gowned.

"Awfully glad to see you!"
"Awfully good to come!"
The rest, as the damsels tea you,
Is lost in the 'wildering hum.
Nobody comes to free you
Of saucer, and spoon and cup;
So you stand and smile
In a vacant style
And long to be out and up.

Give me an A B C shop,
Lead me to Lockard's bowers;
Take me to any tea-shop
Scorned by the social powers.

Rather, I swear by Æsop,
I'd munch at a penny bun,
Then the cakes and gush
Of a five o'clock crush,
Where a hard day's work is done.

—Sketch.

MATHEWS the elder was always well-dressed and carried a handsome umbrella. Munden, on the contrary, who was miserly, used an old cotton one. After he had left the stage, Mathews met him one day in Covent Garden, and addressed him effusively: "I wish, old fellow, you'd let me have something of you as a remembrance." "Certainly, my dear friend," returned Munden, with great presence of mind, "we'll exchange umbrellas," and he did so with much dexterity.—*Argonaut.*

HE was about as black as the traditional ace of spades, and two dusky damsels, each of whom claimed the right to call him husband, sat bolt upright in the court-room and glared at the defendant.

"Yo'r Honor," said the prisoner, "I want to apply for a change of venue in this case."

"On what ground?" inquired the Court.

"I want a change of venue," repeated the defendant, "because one of dese women is prejudiced ag'in me."—*Troy Times.*

THE train was about to leave the station, and a young man leaned over the seat, shook hands with the middle-aged gentleman, and said:

"Good-bye, professor."

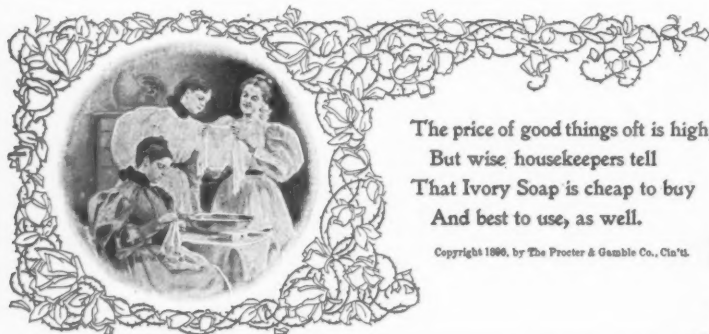
A man with wide stripes in his shirt-bosom looked at him narrowly, and after the train started, said:

"Kin ye do any tricks with cards?"
"No; I never touched a card."
"Mebbe ye play the pianny?"
"I know nothing of music, excepting as a mathematical science."
"Well, ye ain't no boxer, I kin see by yer build. Mebbe ye play pool?"
"No."
"Er shuffleboard?"
"I never heard of the game before."
"Well, say, I've guessed ye this time. It's funny I didn't think of it before. You're a mesmeric."
"I'm nothing of the kind."
"Well, I'll give up. What is yer line? I know ye're in the biz, 'cause I heerd that young feller call ye 'perfesser.'"
"I'm an instructor in Greek, rhetoric, and ancient history."
"An' yer can't do no tricks, ner play music, ner hypnotize?"
"Of course not."
The man turned and gazed out of the window on the opposite side of the car.
"An' he calls hisself perfesser," he said to himself.
—*Philadelphia Record.*

YARLEY: There comes Mudge. Let's run.
WICKWIRE: What is the matter with Mudge, that we should flee?
"Haven't you heard? He has got so that every time he has eight or ten drinks he wants to give recitations in Scotch dialect."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

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An Illinois member of Congress had dined with "Billy" Mason in Chicago. They had talked of the desire of Mr. Mason to come to the Senate, had admired the beautiful house in which he lived, and then, smoking an after-dinner cigar, the two friends walked down town together. When they were some distance from the house, the Congressman turned and looked back at the large and brilliantly lighted dwelling.
"You have a beautiful home," said the Congressman.
"Yes," replied Mason, with a sound that was between a laugh and a sigh, "but I can hear that house drawing interest two squares away."—*Argonaut.*

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In the Somewhere region that's ever bright,
In the glow of the Someday sun,
Is a castle that rears its columned height
Where the mirroring waters run;
Where the tranquil moments like music flow
To answer each longing the heart can know,
And the air grows sweet with the gentle sigh
Of the roses kissed as the zephyrs fly.

Like the fabled tokens of magic's power
It rises, as swift as thought.
From the wistfulness of an idle hour
Are its dazzling splendors wrought.
But alas, to dust are its glories flung,
By the passing jest of an idle tongue!
They are gone, those beauties of form and hue
That were built of the things you meant to do.

There's another place where the roses are,
Though it boasts no arch nor spire;
It rests to the hitherward, by far,
Of the land of the Heart's Desire.
'Tis built of the things that you've really done,
And the hours smile back at the gliding sun,
And you love it well—though you sigh anew
For the House of the Things You Meant To Do.

—Washington Star.

MRS. WATTS: Isn't it a good deal of annoyance to get your meals at such irregular hours?

HUNGRY HIGGINS: The irregular hours ain't so bad as the irregular days.—Indianapolis Journal.

WHEN he first began literary work, Murat Halsted wrote several novels which appeared serially in a Cincinnati newspaper, one installment a week. He rarely was ahead of the printer more than one installment, and often this was received at the last moment. When he was in the midst of an exciting blood-and-thunder serial, young Halsted secured a first-class position as correspondent for a leading journal, and found his time completely occupied. The Cincinnati paper did not receive its usual installment in time for publication, and at last went to press with a note apologizing and promising that the story would be resumed next week. But the next week came and brought with it no manuscript from Halsted, and before the next publication day the author explained the situation, and added that the work would have to be dropped. The editor asked Halsted to explain the matter to his readers, and the young man sat down and wrote out a statement. The last printed installment showed the heroine in the clutches of the villain, who had pursued her to the verge of a high precipice and held her over the chasm, threatening to drop her to instant death if she refused to disclose the whereabouts of a missing will. After recounting these facts, young Halsted added that after careful and prayerful consideration of the subject, the editorial management had decided that no young woman ought to be held over a precipice like that longer than three weeks, and that, as the villain evidently was growing tired, it had been decided to let him drop the whole affair right where it was and quit.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

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STAGE NEWS.—"Did you know that Henry Irving had sprained one of his knees?"

"Yes; now he will have to make gestures with his arms."

—Chicago Record.



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